

THE LIBERATOR

—PUBLISHED—

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,

—AT—

221 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 6.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, GENERAL AGENT.

TERMS.—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum,

in advance.

Five copies will be sent to one address for ten

dollars, if payment be made in advance.

All remittances are to be made, and all letters re-

lating to the pecuniary concerns of the paper are to be

directed (post paid) to the General Agent.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of five cents per

line.

The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Penn-

sylvania, Ohio and Michigan Anti-Slavery Societies are

authorized to receive subscriptions for THE LIBERATOR.

The following gentlemen constitute the Financial

Committee, but are not responsible for any debts of the

paper, viz:—FRANCIS JACKSON, EDWARD QUINCY, EDWARD

JACKSON, and WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

VOL. XXXII. NO. 3.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 1621.

Refuge of Oppression.

A TREASONABLE MEMORIAL.

On this page may be found a well considered

and carefully drawn Petition to Congress, signed by

William Cullen Bryant, William Curtis Noyes, and

other highly respectable citizens of New York, asking

that body to abolish slavery, under the power, for the

honor of the Republic, and the benefit of the human

race. The petition is drawn in a simple and forcible

style, and is accompanied by a statement of the reasons

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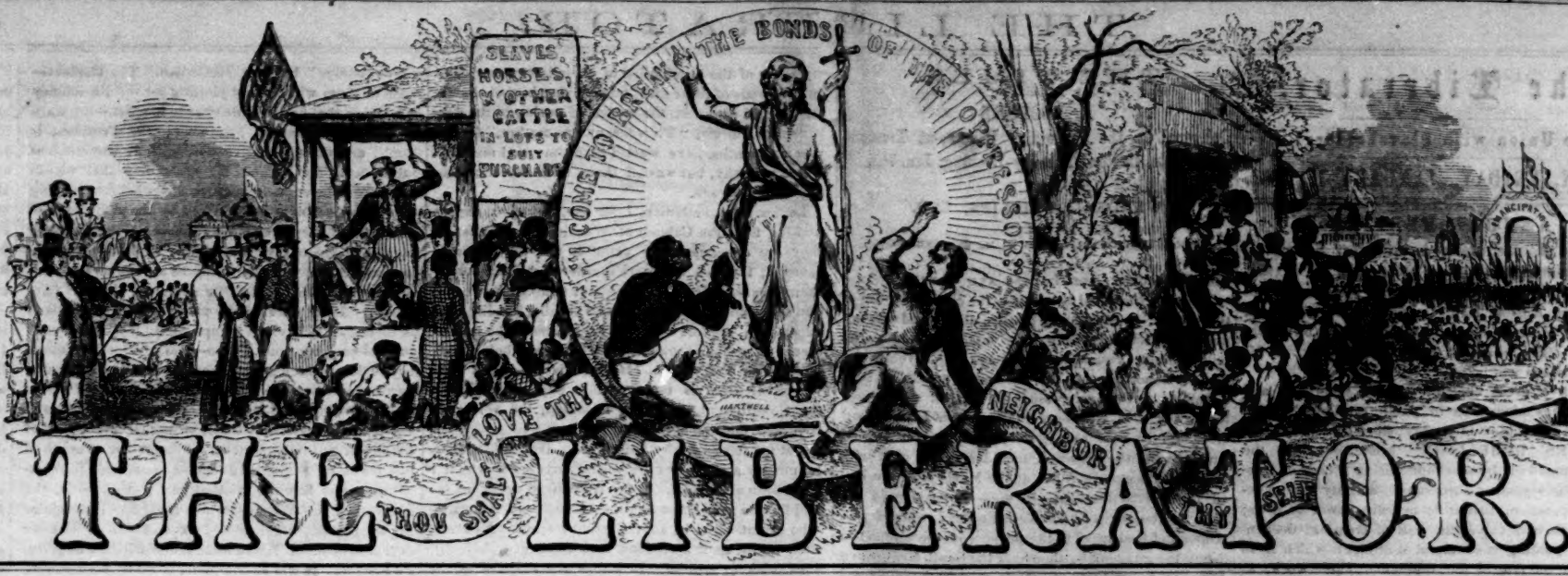
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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD, OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

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"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all

the inhabitants thereof!"

"They this down as the law of nations. I say that military

authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal

institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under

that state of things, as far from its being true that the States

where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, as

the President of the United States, has the power to order the

UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . From the instant that

the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, civil, servile,

or foreign, from that instant the war power of Congress extends to

interference with the institution of slavery, in every way in which it

can be interfered with, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or

destroyed, to the control of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign

power. . . . It is a war power. Look at the war power; and when

your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or

a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and

MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the

laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal in-

stitutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE

OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the

commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in

the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

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EMANCIPATION LEAGUE.

That the people may have an opportunity to examine the reasons presented in this crisis of our country's affairs for emancipating the slaves.

A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES

will be delivered, under the auspices of the Emancipation League, in

TREMONT TEMPLE,

as follows:

Tuesday, Jan. 21, by ORESTES A. BROWNSON.
Subject—“Abolition of Slavery.”

Wednesday, Jan. 22, by M. D. CONWAY, a native of Virginia.
Subject—“Liberty, challenged by Slavery, has the right to choose the weapon. Liberty's true weapon is Freedom.”

Wednesday, Feb. 5th, by FREDERIC DOUGLASS.
Subject—“The Black Man's Future in the Southern States.”

Wednesday, Feb. 12th, (to be announced.)

Wednesday, Feb. 19th, (to be announced.)

Organized by — JOHN S. WRIGHT.

Tickets for a gentleman and lady to the course, \$1, for sale by James C. Smith, 222 Southfield street, and by J. H. Stephenson, 63 Federal street, and at Tremont Temple.

Doors open at 6 1-2 o'clock, and the Lectures will commence at 7 1-2 o'clock.

“Rule or Ruin” has been long the Southern cry. Give us Slavery, or give us Death, is its last variation! How shall it be met by the North? Is the most fearful question ever submitted to this generation. How shall it be met by the Abolitionists of the Old Colony? Let a mass meeting of them at Abington be prepared to answer!

BOURNE SPOONER, President.

SAUNDY DIER, Secy.

AARON M. POWELL, Agent of the American A. S. Society, will speak at the following places in the State of New York:—

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Dover Plains, | Tuesday, Jan. 21. |
| Washington, | “ Thursday, “ 22. |
| Verbank, | “ Friday, “ 24. |
| Washington Hollow, | “ Sunday, “ 26. |
| Clinton Hollow, | “ Tuesday, “ 28. |
| Salt Point, | “ Thursday, “ 30. |
| Pleasant Valley, | “ Saturday, Feb. 1. |

NEW YORK STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

“The Sixth Annual Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York will be held in ALBANY, at ASSOCIATION HALL, on FRIDAY and SATURDAY, February 7th and 8th, commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M. Three sessions will be held each day. [Particulars next week.]

CHARLES LENOX REMOND will speak at the Tenth Baptist Church in Southam Street, (Rev. Mr. Grimes's) on Monday evening, Jan. 20. Subject: The People of Color—Their Relation to the Country, and their Duties in the present Crisis.

A. T. FOSS, an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will speak on “The War,” in Johnston, N. Y., Sunday, Jan. 10.

E. H. HEYWOOD will speak in the Unitarian Church at Neponset, Saturday evening, Jan. 19.

DIED.—In Pembroke, Mass., Dec 28, of typhoid fever, Moses Brown, youngest son of Samuel and Maria Brown, aged 26 years.

Seldom does the dark messenger fold his wings over one of greater promise, one more universally beloved and lamented. Gifted by nature with a mind of no ordinary capacity, well-cultivated by a liberal education, (being a graduate of Dartmouth College,) and frequent social intercourse, with a remarkably high-toned and conscientious principle, and a kind heart going out in sympathy to the down-trodden and oppressed, these noble traits served to render him an object of peculiar interest, a star of uncommon brightness. Alas! It has gone down to earth and it has reached its meridian height, and fond hearts are left to mourn his absence, though they would not call him back, for, through faith in his Redeemer, “death lost its sting, and the grave its victory,” and another soul is safely anchored in the haven of eternal rest—another redeemed one gathered early to our heavenly Father's fold. z

“Most deeply do we sympathize with the aged parents, devoted brothers and sisters in their afflictive bereavement in the death of the promising young man whose symmetry of character is so truly though briefly portrayed above. He had been a reader of the *Liberator* from earliest youth, which he highly appreciated, and which, we trust, was a preponderant influence in making him what he was known to be esteemed and loved for his virtues, and admired for his talents.” y

In Rockport, Jan. 4, LILLIE, second daughter of L. B. and Eveline Pratt, aged 7 years.

“ Farewell! If ever fondled prayer
For others' weal awaited on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But wait thy name beyond the sky.”
“Till vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilty's expiring eye,
Is it that word—Farewell!” Farewell!

DEATH OF REV. J. W. LEWIS, HAYTI. By a letter in the *Death and Pain*, we learn of the death of Rev. John W. Lewis, at Hayti, on the 29th of August. He went to Hayti, it may be remembered, at the head of a company, some of whom seemed to be earnest Christians, and who, having been members of different churches in this country, united themselves together, in church relations, just before starting for Hayti. Mr. Lewis was to be their pastor, and it was expected, would perform other missionary labor there. He was much respected in Hayti, and his death is sincerely regretted by the government and people.

IMPROVEMENT IN
Champooing and Hair Dyeing,
“WITHOUT SMUTTING.”

MADAME CARTEAUX BANNISTER

WOULD inform the public that she has removed from 223 Washington Street, to

No. 31 WINTER STREET,

where she will attend to all diseases of the Hair.

She is sure to cure in nine cases out of ten, as she has for many years made her hair study, and is sure there are none to excel her in producing a new growth of hair. Her Restorative differs from that of any one else, being made from the roots and herbs of the forest.

It is the only hair dressing which does not grow in this country, and which is highly beneficial to the hair before using the Restorative, and will prevent the hair from turning grey.

It is the only agent for restoring grey hair to its natural color in nearly all cases. She is not afraid to speak of her Restoratives in any part of the world, as they are used in every city in the country. They are also packed for her customers to take to Europe with them, enough to last two or three years, as they often say they can get nothing abroad like them.

MADAMES CARTEAUX BANNISTER,
No. 31 Winter Street, Boston.

Dec. 29.

The Life and Letters of
CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN,

WHO was Executed at Charlestown, Virginia, December 2, 1859, for an Armed Attack upon American Slavery, with Notices of various interesting events, Edited by RICHARD D. WYATT.—This very valuable and interesting work, which has met with a most favorable reception and ready sale in England, has been carefully prepared by one of the most intelligent and experienced writers of America in the old world. For sale at the Anti-Slavery Office in Boston, 221 Washington Street, Room No. 6. Also in New York, at No. 10, Broadway; and in Philadelphia, at No. 10, North Third Street.

PRIVATE TUITION.

I Having been deemed admissible to succeed, temporarily, the Hopkinton Home School at the expiration of the present term, announcement is hereby made, that Mrs. A. B. HAYWOOD, one of the Principals, will be pleased to receive a few Young Ladies into her family for instruction in the English, French, French Dressing and Painting, and Music. The term will commence on WEDNESDAY, Jan. 1, 1862, and continue FIFTEEN WEEKS.

For particulars, please address

ABRIE B. HAYWOOD
Hopkinton, Milford, Mass., Dec. 10, 1861.

Poetry.

"ON TO FREEDOM!"

There has been a cry, "On to Richmond!" and still another cry, "On to England!" Better than either is the cry, "On to Freedom!"—C. A. L. SUMNER.

On to Freedom! On to Freedom!
To the everlasting cry
Of the floods that strive with Ocean,
Of the storms that smite the sky;
Of the atoms in the whirlwind,
Of the seed beneath the ground,
Of each living thing in Nature
That is bound!
'T was the cry that led from Egypt,
Through the desert wilds of Edom;
Out of Darkness—Out of Bondage—
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"
O! thou slay-hearted Pharaoh,
Vainly warrest thou with God!
Moveless, at the palace portals,
Moses waits, with lifted rod!
O! thou poor barbarian, Xerxes,
Vainly o'er the Pontic main
Flungst thou, to curb its utterance,
Scourge or chain!
For the cry that led from Egypt,
Over desert wilds of Edom,
Speaks alike through Greek and Hebrew:
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"
In the Roman streets, from Gracchus,
Hark! I hear that cry cutswell;
In the German woods, from Hermann,
And on Switzer hills, from Tell!
Up from Spartacus, the bondman,
When his tyrant's yoke he clave;
And from stalwart Wat the Tyler,
Satan slave!
Still the old, old cry of Egypt,
Struggling out from wilds of Edom,
Bounding down through all the ages:
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"
God's old mandate: "On to Freedom!"
Gospel-er of laboring Time!
Uttering still, through seers and heroes,
Words of Hope and Faith sublime!
From our Sydney, and our Hampdens,
And our Washington, they come;
And we cannot, and we dare not,
Make them dumb!
Out of all the shames of Egypt,
Out of Darkness—Out of Bondage—
"On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"
A. J. H. DUGAN.

New York, Dec. 25, 1861.

RESPONSE.

Inscribed to the National Hymn Committee.

BY M. NORTON.

A voice from the people comes sounding along,
"Give us, oh give us, a National Song!
Words that shall thrill through the hearts of men,
Music to breathe their old hill-top and glen—
Spirit of Poetry, speed it along—
Give us, oh give us, a National Song!"
What say the poets throughout the land?
List, the responses to the People's demand:
"Never—for ever—for ever—never."
Answers the Muse for every endeavor.
"Never for ever while Slavery reigns,
Never till broken for ever its chains,
Never till righted this terrible wrong,
Call on the Muse for a National Song."
"Crush out Rebellion—crush out its cause,
Give to the white and black similar laws,
Give to the bondman a right to his life,
Give to the husband a right to his wife:
Wait for the triumph of freedom—and then
Call for a National Anthem again."
"Then o'er the dashing of ocean's shore,
O'er the Northern lakes and the inland's roar,
And over the prairies and mountains grand,
And through the old forest, dark and dim,
Shall sweep a worthy National Hymn;
And the song of the angels be heard again—
Peace on earth, and good will to men!"

SLAVERY OR DEATH.

Fools who have from Union fled—
Fools who prize high old mild—
Welcome to your new-made bed,
Made for Slavery.

Now's the day, and now's the hour—
See the walls of Pickens' power;
Stay the spread of Freedom's power;
'Tis Slavery.

Ye who love the traitor knaves,
Ye who sell your souls for slaves,
Ye who spurn the patriot's graves,
Fight for Slavery!

Who for human rights and law
Freedom's sword shall dare to draw,
Dare for Freedom stand or fall,
Make him turn and flee.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your own servile chains,
By the blood that cries for vengeance,
Let them not be free.

By your altars and your fires,
By the strength of your desires,
By the graves of your wives;
Die for Slavery.

Lay the hold reformer low;
Freedom falls with every foe;
Slavery's in every blow,
Liberty must die.

From the Boston Pilot.

OLD WINTER.

A snow-plume of white on the wings of the breeze,
A diamond mail on the bare cold trees,
A whirl of dead leaves as the wind whistles by,
A fresh gleam of light to the blue of the sky—
Pile up the good fire, boys—ring cheer upon cheer,
For jolly old Winter is King of the year!

Then cheer, let us cheer, boys—each blast that steals by
Is strength to the life-blood, and light to the eye;
Before we had travelled life's pathway as now,
When the sunshine of childhood was bright on each brow,
The Queen of the Springtime might men for us then,
But jolly old Winter's the monarch for men!

Hurrah, boys, hurrah! There's a life in his breath,
That would shake its grim spear from the white hand of
Death:

The kiss of his lips bids the brave heart rejoice,
And the pulse rushes free at the sound of his voice—
See! over the gray hills the Autumn has flown,
And Winter, King Winter, has mounted his throne!

No longer the Summer will woo us to rest,
With the birds in her hand, and the buds on her breast—
The wind of the North ruses down to the strife,
And our spirits awake to the contest of life:
Old Time has full many a chief at his call,
But jolly old Winter is King of them all!

Then cheer once again, boys—and send, as it rings,
One prayer to the throne of the great King of kings,
That so we may live, as the seasons roll by,
When the flowers of our Summer are withered and gone,
We may smile with us hearty a gladness as now,
When the snows of life's Winter are white on each brow!

South Quincy, December, 1861.

THE RAINBOW.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings!

Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee!

The Liberator.

"THE SWORD IN ETHICS."

The state of war in which we now are, and in the maintenance of which the country is perfectly united—for most of the few who have been accustomed to oppose war are now silent upon that subject, and the voice of the remainder is as a whisper amid the roar of Niagara—has brought out a large crop of sermons and essays in justification of the use of the sword. These apologies for war of course vary very widely, both in positive sufficiency of argument for the end proposed, and in candor towards the advocates of peace. Some, like Henry Ward Beecher, are content to rest their cause upon transparent sophisms, deliberately presenting the wolf and the tiger as valid precedents for the soldier, and symmetrically filling out their plea by misstatement of the position of peace-men; while others attempt a justification of the sword by serious appeal to philosophy and religion, with neither bitterness nor unfairness to those who think differently. The ablest production of this latter class that I have seen is an article in the *Christian Examiner* for January, entitled—"The Sword in Ethics."

The closing sentence of this article is as follows:—"Man may lawfully use no other sword than that which pure Heaven puts into his hand; but the sword that Heaven gives, if he make it not sharp against those that deserve its edge, will become sharp against himself."

Thoroughly agreeing in both parts of this statement, and rejoicing in the rare opportunity of meeting so just and candid an opponent, I propose to give a fair and full abstract of the course of the *Examiner's* argument, and to give, as far as it can be done in such brief space, the reply made to it by Non-Resistance.

The writer begins by referring to the laws of the material world, and of the lower orders of the animal creation. He thinks that the law of Nature is no neutral ground, since every one of her laws is a law that cuts its own way, with never a "By your leave," nor the least effort to doist in case of objection made. Among the lower animals, the class, the genus, the species, that lacks vigor to support and protect itself, ceases from of the earth. Tapping creatures by kinds, it is the inexorable rule, that those which cannot make good a place for themselves shall have no place.

Consequently, in the construction of any creature, Nature has always in mind the thought of self-preservation, commonly of direct self-defence, and works this, generally largely and openly, into its organization. The question arises, Does nature desire from this portion of her plan on arrival at man? True, he has no ostensible natural weapon; but why? Because he is to command the use of all. Moreover, in this apparent deprivation there is a definite purpose, one that Nature has always very dearly at heart; that, namely, of compelling man to an exercise of his understanding. She makes self-preservation a mental discipline, and will allow her best-beloved to be safe only as he is intelligent. One might as well argue against clothing from the nakedness of man's cuticle, as against his use of weapons from his want of fangs and claws.

But the above question, our author thinks, has a broader and more sufficient answer. Nature never does abandon any leading idea. Accordingly, having once found the idea of self-defence in her hands, we may be sure that it is never cast aside. With higher organizations, there are higher expressions of every leading thought; and therefore, on arriving at man, we find that the provisions for defence partake of the general elevation, and are, for the most part, much removed from a heavy simplicity of hitting and scratching. For physical defence, man is weaponed in part by the power and cunning of the hand, but far more by that command of natural forces which the finer cunning of understanding confers upon him. For subtler encounters, he has the powers of the eye and the voice. These, then, are man's natural weapons; body for the defence of body, and mind for the defence of mind.

Man, therefore, having a higher nature, has a higher order of weapons than the brute. The question then arises, Why should he not trust to these alone for protection? The answer, the writer thinks, is easy. In all defences, you necessarily use a weapon not only fit for you, as a man, to employ, but appropriate also to the foe or danger that threatens you. Powder and ball are the proper weapons against wolves; therefore the use of the rifle is not intrinsically unsuitable to a man. The only question then is—Is ever a fellow-man one of those foes against whom the rifle may be turned?

Our author answers his own question thus: "Whenever a man is a wolf, as too many men are, then weapon against wolf is weapon against man. Is it declared, on the other hand, that men cannot properly be called wolves? Let us see! What is a wolf? or, in other words, what is that fact in the wolf's nature which of right exposes the creature to odium and deadly assault? Not the fact that he is a four-footed animal of the canine family; but simply that he is a *lawless depredator and destroyer*. The wolf is not so, as a beast, but as a beast of prey; and the men of prey are in the same category with him in the fulness of that fact which alone condemns him to death. It is the habits and purposes, not the anatomy, which make the sword is turned; it is base and bloody dispositions that justify the recriminations of battle. Wolf is wolf to us only as he is a murderer of the flock; man is man to us only as he is human, not inhuman."

To these general provisions (our author proceeds) nature has added the force of a special commandment. Nature's ordinances are instincts; and the instinct of the human race points unflinchingly to defence of your own person and rights, and still more, and with added dignity, to protection of those whom nature has left in some degree defenceless—babes and children, disabled persons, weak minorities, and women. Moreover, muscular resources are specially provided to meet the demands of this instinct. The man who sees a child or a woman brutally assaulted feels the tides of force streaming towards his hands, and doubling their strength; the bidding of the highest authority to interfere, and the power to interfere with efficacy, burn along every artery, thrill down every sinew; and who shall gainsay them? Who shall gainsay, unless he be prepared to show that Nature is superfluous, irrational, wicked?

To object to these instincts as "brutal" is a misuse of language. By a figure of speech, we call those actions or impulses of men brutal which are unmanly, base, fierce or obscene; but it will not do to assume that whatever instincts man has in common with brutes are bad; in other words, that a part of his nature is unnatural. All that brutes do is not, in the opinion, is unnatural. The instinct of resistance in man, as in the inferior animal, has just that dignity which is afforded by the affections which support and surround it.

It is, however, asserted that human life is inviolable; that under no circumstances can it be touched without blame. Is this true? If a man swallow arsenic, does Nature say, "Human life is inviolable," and therewith dismiss him without consequences? Nature takes life in mere fidelity to physiological law: can human life be amenable to this, and not amenable to the more sacred law of justice? Nature draws her line and says—"On one side is life, and on the other death"; may not justice, speaking by the hearts and working by the hands of innocent men, in like manner draw her bounds, and utter her solemn warning, "Pass this limit, and you pass forbearance"? If nature may thus commission a stone, she may thus, with yet more reason, commission man.

Thus capital punishment is shown to be justifiable. The State and every social body is bound to indicate, and to indicate with emphasis, a more precious estimate of justice, freedom, and the honor and innocence of man and woman than of mere physical life; and, filling flagrantly to do this, it is as long weighed in the balances, and found wanting.

But perhaps the final intrenchment of the extreme upholders of peace is found in the doctrine that evil must not be rendered for evil, or in the yet stronger demand that good shall be rendered for evil, and enmity met only with love.

But what is a doing evil? To confront perjury with perjury, is that evil? To apply the great laws of retribution, is this a doing of evil? If so, the universe itself is chargeable with guiltiness; for it is the law of the universe that danger, danger to life and limb, danger to the top of menace, shall confront iniquity. Either, therefore, the universe is in fault, or the principle of making wrong-doing dangerous to the wrong-doer stands vindicated.

It is the crime itself, not the pains and penalties which oppose it, that is hurtful to the criminal. To do wrong is the worst that can befall any man; next worst it is, not to be directly punished for the wrong, having done it.

The highest service we can ever render a human being is to breed and incite him to virtue; the next highest service is to dissuade him from purposed vice; but these being excluded, the only remaining service is to oppose with impassable barriers a wicked will, to which reason and right are no barrier. If, to withhold success from accursed purposes, we meet them with the most biting, inexorable edge of resistance, you still bless where you smite, and are infinitely kinder to the culprit than he to himself. To remove any of the perils necessary to hold in check iniquity is cruelty instead of kindness. The hope of impunity is the nurse of crime, and one success breeds a thousand attempts. We therefore betray and injure our brother when we make it safe, or less than utterly unsafe, for him to become a villain.

To the objection that, since prevention of crime destroys not the intent, it cannot benefit him by whom the criminal intent is cherished, our author rejoins that the objection is not true; that, by walling up the doors of opportunity, we tend more to the growth of the criminal wishes, and thus to help the growth of the criminal (though tardy) crop of good; while submission and forbearance to evil may so encourage tyranny as to bear all the fruits, though they want all the animus of hate and injury. Confidently affirming this, he nevertheless willingly admits that Mercy will commonly come bringing tender counsels; that love is *often* shown by long-suffering and meekness; that life is precious, and not to be lightly taken; and that men err far more frequently by over-suddenness of wrath than by excess of charitable forbearance. Yet the Italians and ourselves have erred otherwise; they yielding too much to the Bourbons, and we to the slaveholders.

As to peace between nations, excellent and desirable as it is, there are discriminations to be made. There is a living, and there is a dead peace; the one obtaining where justice prevails, the other where it is disregarded and undesired. These stand to each other as yea and nay, as life and death, as heaven and hell. Not to distinguish between them is to elect the worse; while to choose the true peace is to do deny and abhor the false. That war, with all its fearfulness, shall be incomparably less fearful. War is worthy of all good men's choice, in comparison with a peace of perfidy and corruption.

Peace is indeed precious when it means *intelligent communion in justice*. But if any one affirm that justice is less precious than the outward circumstances of peace, he is a traitor not only to right, but to peace herself; since true peace follows after purity, and only as it is worthy can be enduring. There is a dead peace; but upon the heels of dead peace decay, and its soldier, the worm. No allegiance therefore to peace can there be without due recognition of the fact that war, whenever it takes place in constant risk and danger of justice, is honorable, noble, sacred, *so far as the champion of justice are concerned*. Therefore, a Peace Society that respects outward peace only or chiefly is the very Judas of the time, not only selling God's justice for a price, but in the end hanging its cause and itself on a tree.

For wars in and of themselves we have no word either of praise or extenuation. Wars are great evils; but barbarous tyranny, and the submissions that flatter and perpetuate it, are great crimes. And between evils and crimes there is but one choice.

Consider, further, the preventive function of war. Possible war is the gauge of actual peace. The alternative *Right or Fight* secures right, and saves from the necessity of fighting. On this basis repose the State, with every civil means of adjustment and redress. Legislature, jury, bench, the binding codes and rites that secure men and women from perpetual liability to naked contact with savage passions and brutish apprehensions, all rest, as their basis of security, upon one foundation. A nation is a nation only as it is religiously banded and bound to support a social order against all assault. Hence the sacredness of law.

Love and terror are the two powers which uphold civilization. Terror in the service of love holds the world together. Terror serving love and guided by reason is our only safeguard from constant risk and danger of hostility. Society begins there where two men say, implicitly or otherwise, "We two will guarantee each other's defence, and between us reason and right shall be for a law." And this pact, widened, reads, "We two, or we two or two thousand, will uphold the law of reason and justice over such a territory; it shall be binding on all within that limit; we pledge to good understandings and rational modes of adjustment our total and united forces."

Without some arrangement like this, there must be constant danger and constant fear. What is so precious as a permitted forgetfulness of violence, obscenity and outrage? But observe that, if love and reason will enlist terror in their service, they shall be served of it; but if they refuse, terror will become the soldier of confusion, and will scare away the sanctities and refinements it might have championed. Which is the better?

We counsel, therefore, a frank acknowledgment of the dignity of the military calling, when worthily embraced; of the honorableness and sacredness of war in the vindication of justice, else trodden under foot; of the constant uses of possible (which must sometimes be actual) war, as the guardian of a noble peace; and we counsel the final abolition of the Peace Society, except in so far as it seeks peace by the promotion of justice. Let the sword be baptized, not broken. Let charity, faith, intelligence, wield it; not wantonness and outrage.

Now comes the question of limits. First, only fire is to be met with fire—only the sword quelled by the sword—only the destroyer visited with destruction. Rightful war is always defensive, for ourselves or others. It is only the armed hand of injustice which justice with irresistible hand may smite. Secondly, in all preparations against violence and crime, the aim must be the *prevention* of ill deeds; their punishment or open resistance being simply an inferential result, upon failure of the primary aim. Thirdly, so far as the use of these hindrances can be superseded by positive attractions toward reason, right and good, superseeded they must be. Finally, forbearance is to be held in perpetual honor. Love, having in vain done its utmost to cause continuance of public and private rectitude, that is to say, of noble peace, by mild inducements, is yet to wait, trusting somewhat to the ministries of time, and somewhat accepting as a burden to be borne. Let it wait, with brave wisdom; yet, while staying its hand from blows, not withhold it from preparations. Always there are allowances to be made; always there is a call for tolerance, endurance and forgiveness. Nevertheless, when impersurable wrong has stifled its conscience, gathered its force, taken death in its hands, and now comes to destroy forever your power of reasoning and bearing with it—then, when fruitful, noble waiting is no longer possible—then may you, must you, strike the assailant with the same weapon, and with the same violence, which he seeks to use against you. Never till then may you; but then, brave and true heart, you must.

The *Examiner's* article ends with the sentence which I have quoted at the commencement of this notice.

Its author has chosen to sum up his argument for war, in words which an opposer of war, yes, even a Non-Resistant, can thoroughly accept and adopt. Heartily and thoroughly agreeing in that final statement, and in very many of the previous statements of this able and candid writer, I shall attempt, in another article, to show wherein his main argument is unsound.—C. K. W.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

TO REV. LINUS H. SHAW,
Minister of the First Parish in Sudbury, Mass.

A friend has sent me a copy of your Thanksgiving Sermon, upon which I propose to make some comments, not because I consider it particularly good, or bad, (though it has excellencies and defects,) but because I consider it a fair expression of the average ideas of the great body of ministers and people at the present time.

You give (p. 4) as the position of the Abolitionists, that "it (slavery) should be destroyed at once, by law, or by force, or by whatever way it may best be done; but that it be done entirely and immediately." You also say, that "no person who knows what an Abolitionist is, can name more than five or ten persons in all our free States who are persons of distinction and influence." I will not stop to criticize either of these propositions, though I think you greatly understate their influence, or that of the truths they inculcate.

You say, p. 10, "If we would find the root and germ of our present war, we must go back to 1620, when the cargo of slaves landed at the mouth of James river, and also to the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, two plants opposite in their nature, opposite in their nature, opposite in all their fruits and consequences, planted in the same national field, growing as it were, side by side." You say also, p. 11, in asking for the cause of the present state of things, that it is the natural and necessary growth of the two antagonistic principles; that it has taken this long period to grow and develop themselves, and reach their maturity. You also say, p. 14, 15, that you do not cast any particular blame upon the South; that it is in their circumstances. All this is right. There is no controversy between you and the Abolitionists as to the "cause," the "germ," the "root," and necessary fruit. The whole controversy lies in the treatment of the disease.

The few Abolitionists say, remove the cause, and the effects will cease. But all the other doctors, of whatever stripe, either of law or divinity, say, touch not the cause. Among these you mention, p. 5, Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Franklin, Randolph and Clay, of former times, and say there are many now. You endorse this mode of treatment yourself. You refer us, p. 12, to 1787-9, when our Constitution was formed by wise men. You say, p. 14, "This natural result of slavery could have been averted but in one way, and that is, by keeping it where the fathers left it." Had this been done, all our present war, and a vast proportion of our national troubles, would have been avoided; for slavery, in one way or another, has been the prolific source of most of these troubles. The italics are mine.

Now you have had all but about half a dozen of the great, wise and influential men, and nearly all the little and unimportant ones, and you have not been able to touch the "natural and necessary" growth of this cause and consequent effect. Not a very high recommendation of your course of treatment.

To illustrate: There is a healthy flow of blood through the system. Something poisonous or antagonistic may be introduced or get into the system, which will produce a disease or a sore. It takes time to develop it; the pain swells, and is inflamed, and causes irritation to the system. Physicians are called. Dr. Garrison says, expel the cause. It is now nearly to a head, lance it, take out the core, it will then heal soundly. But all the other great and wise doctors, from Washington to Lincoln and Shaw, say no; let the cause remain; it will be painful to lance the sore and remove the core; just bring it back to its incipient stage, when there was comparatively but little inflammation and pain; counteract the laws of cause and effect so that it shall never come to a head. But, after all, you seem to have some forebodings that Dr. Garrison's mode may yet be resorted to as a last resort, as a measure of necessity, not of right; you do not intimate that you would go so far.

You claim to be a religious teacher, a minister of the gospel, and yet you have given no intimation that in this whole tampering with slavery, from first to last, there has been any moral wrong, any sin against God, or any injustice to the slave, which should be repented of and forsaken.

You have, in your discourse, well and conclusively shown, that the Constitution being the standard, the South has no cause of complaint. Page 9: "So far as the constitutional rights of the Southern States are concerned, nothing has been done, and nothing omitted, of which they can complain."

This reminds me of a prayer I heard from the pulpit last summer. The minister, in order to set himself and congregation right at the court of Heaven, told the Lord that "We are not to blame for this war, for we have been ready to compromise and compromise with the rebels." Another asked the Lord, "If consistent with His will, in his own time and way to put an end to slavery, which is the cause of all this trouble." When does the Lord wish men to repent? So far as your sermon shows, you do not wish either the Lord or man to do more than to keep slavery within constitutional limits.

I have been an Abolitionist for nearly thirty years. My first great reason, as I have said, was that justice and right towards the slave demand it. Second, the best interest of the slave-owner demands it. I now have two additional reasons. It is the shortest if not the only way permanent peace can be secured. Without abolition, the two antagonistic forces will still be in operation, and like causes will produce like effects.

Yours,
AUBURN, N. H. BENJAMIN CHASE.

HOW JOHN BROWN SAVED THE CAPITAL.

The Washington correspondent of the *Boston Journal* tells the following singular story of the way in which John Brown's invasion of Virginia became the remote cause of the salvation of the federal capital:

When the marines dashed up to the door of the executive house, where Virginia slavery fevered, they seized not only John Brown, but a quantity of powder, within the building, which had been brought from Pennsylvania. After Brown and his party were secured, the powder was placed in one of the buildings, where it remained till April last. When the United States troops found that Virginia forces were preparing to make a descent upon the ferry for the purpose of capturing the arms, they looked about for ammunition. They did not dare to visit the magazine, for there were sharp eyes which watched every movement, and an attempt to take powder from there would precipitate an attack. Then it was that John Brown's powder was valuable. It was in small packages, and where it could be taken, and distributed unknown to any outsiders. It was placed in the different buildings, the trains were laid, and just as the Virginians thought the prize was theirs, they found that the flames were ahead of them. It was designed that the several thousand stand of arms there stored should be distributed in Baltimore, where, as you know, the outbreak immediately occurred, and that thence a descent would be made upon Washington. So John Brown's powder saved the capital. All of this will appear, I am informed, with satisfactory evidence, in the report of the committee appointed to investigate the Harper's Ferry affair.

"John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave, But his soul is marching on."

"Let it be boldly said," exclaims the *Independent*, "that the slaves of rebels are the nation's freedmen!" We echo the cry, adding that when the nation comes to that point, the rebellion will cease, like the ceasing of a frightful dream.—N. Y. Tribune. [And let all the people say, "Amen!"]

SOUTH CAROLINA ITEMS.

The Fort Royal correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* says:

REBEL SOLDIERS SHOT.

I do not remember whether in my last I acquainted you with the fact that several of the soldiers at Fort Walker were shot for refusing to fight, or rather for declaring that they would not fight. This was before our arrival. Two or three are believed to have been shot down by their officers the day of our victory; and during the time they were building with ball and chain, for attempting to escape. These were the non-slaveholding recruits, called "crackers," who were forced into the Southern army; and that the Southern army is full of such, I do not at the least doubt. Much must be deducted from the statements of the negroes, but not so much in matters of this sort as you may imagine. On all points which could be tried and tested and compared with known facts, they have been strangely truthful.

THE CONTRABAND BILLY.

While in occupancy of the Seabrook plantation, with our company, during the past week, I had long conversation with "Billy," the body servant of an officer of the Beaufort Guerrillas, who were posted on the island. He is intelligent and smart—a mulatto. By the way, I had underrated the general intelligence of the negroes here. Even the field hands have ideas of their own as to how, why and what. They make common cause, and what "Billy" hears read from the newspapers at his master's table, becomes common property in the "quarters" with Gumbo and Cuffee, within twenty-four hours. All hints, all expressed mistrust, even hidden fear on the part of whites inactively exposed to the watchful ears of men and women who have long hoped and looked for an event like the present. Even the looks and actions of confident masters are translated by the watchful eye of supposed trusty servants, and are promulgated among the "hands."

THE TRUSTY WILLIAM.

Talk of "trusty servants who will fight for their masters" is a thing as monstrous as absurdity. If such people exist among the slaves, they do not exist in South Carolina. There is no such thing. Finckney, after his hasty flight to the main, resolved to return and burn his buildings, some full of corn and cotton. (He owned Finckney Island, which lies right opposite the Seabrook place, and we made more than four hundred slaves.) His trusty negro William, who had driven on Epsestano plantation for over thirty years, and whom he had taken with him to the main, discouraged him by saying "The Yankees are all around the island, master, and they will catch you; let me go." William came with full instructions in regard to acceding to the demand how to proceed, etc., etc., much of which he detailed to me, but Mr. Finckney has not seen William since. "I am old," said William to me, "but I want to die rather than go back to Master Finckney."

IF THE SLAVES ONLY KNEW THEIR STRENGTH. Set it down once for all, if the negroes only knew their strength, we should have no need of Northern soldiers to put down this rebellion. It would be destroyed by flames, lighted by those who are wanted to be ready to die for its promotion.

"Master," said "Billy" to me, not in reply to any question of mine, but of his own accord, "there are a great many of the rebel soldiers who will not fire a shot at your troops when you advance upon them." "Do you think so?" "Why?" "Indeed, sir, I know it. I have heard several say so in Master Finckney's command (the march of the Yankees were shot at the Fort, because they ran away, and when brought back, declared they would not fight the Union men. None of the 'crackers' will fight you. They had enough men to make a company at work with ball and chain for the same reason, and more down in the black-hole at the Fort, all for the very same reason. Master Scriven and Master Duport used to talk about it, and say they were afraid some of our company wouldn't fight either."

The above, somewhat improved into English, is the exact language of one of the intelligent mulattoes who had ample opportunity to hear and feel the sentiments are corroborated in every conversation with the negroes.

THE CONTRABANDS IN KANSAS.

We find in one of the most pertinacious of our pro-slavery journals, *The World*, a letter from a correspondent at Fort Scott, Kansas, containing some statements respecting the negroes liberated in connection with the recent march of Gen. Lane's brigade into Missouri, which are so remarkable that we transfer them to our page, as follows:—

"I propose to state the present condition of the 2000 liberated by the march of the Kansas army. These negroes were owned principally by secessionists, but where the question was of freedom or slavery for themselves, the negroes failed to make any such distinction; and when they sought our camp they were protected, and no questions were asked as to the political status of their former masters. Families came in—sometimes three generations in a single wagon; sometimes a man and woman came in, leaving all family ties to secure personal liberty, daring untold dangers, enduring fatigue, starvation, peril by night and greater dread by day, never feeling safe till they knew they were in the Kansas camp. One day, as we marched from Osceola, we saw three men riding at full speed across the prairie. As they approached, we saw that one was a negro, and the others white men in pursuit. Fast came the slave, but the whites steadily gained, and one in the act of catching the fugitive, when a horse dashed out from the column and raised his sharp's rifle. 'About face' went the slave-catchers, and a rifle ball sang an ominous warning in their ears as they made off.

But night is their great time. Sixty came to camp in one evening, and as Gen. Lane observed, 'It wasn't much of a night for negroes neither.' We put the able men to work immediately, driving teams, cooking, grooming the horses, and doing all the extra duties of the brigade. Each officer engaged one as a body-servant, instead of taking a soldier from his duty. In this manner they earned from eight to ten dollars a month.

Parsons Moore, Fisher and Fish, chaplains of the brigade, started last March with a train of negroes, to establish them on Kansas farms. After three weeks, these gentlemen returned to headquarters, having found comfortable situations for every man, woman and child under their charge. Many were hired as farm hands, house servants, etc., at wages from \$8 to \$12 per month; and the least effective secured places for the winter, where they will be sure of food and clothing, with good chances for lucrative employment when spring opens. The fugitives are generally shrewd and industrious, and the farmers of Kansas gladly avail themselves of the services of laborers. This has been the case with the general impression. It is, nevertheless, literally true. In slavery, one can hardly imagine a more shiftless, indolent being than a Missouri negro. But the change from slavery to Missouri effects an instantaneous and complete revolution in his character. With the consciousness of liberty comes the necessity for exertion, and effort is born of necessity. The slave who worked carelessly felt that he had no interest in the result of his labor; no amount of industry would benefit him, and he naturally did as little as he could consistent with safety. But when he is a free man, he rises equal to the emergency. This has been the case wherever my experience has extended. There is not a man who has been liberated by this brigade but is abundantly able and willing to take care of himself. In every case we have found the slave fit for freedom."

There can be no question, we think, respecting the truth of this writer's report. No doubt these negroes are able to support themselves, nor is there any doubt that freedom will awake in them a desire for industry and its benefits, unknown to them while slaves.—N. Y. Tribune.

CONTRABANDS.

FORTRESS MONROE, JANUARY 7, 1862. Every day brings fresh arrivals of the fugitives from bondage. As the enemy withdraws, a portion of his property is destroyed by fires, and thus takes to itself wings of smoke and flame and flies away, and other "property," household chattels, takes to itself legs, and runs off to the Fort as fast as possible. Ungrateful beings, to desert from their masters who have been so kind, and to leave a state of servitude which South-Sea clergymen declare to be almost Elysium! What ignorant fools,

to prefer freedom to slavery! And here, Mr. Editor, let me contradict a report which has appeared in your columns as well as elsewhere, that the contrabands in this region are unwilling to work, and have many of them run